

MEMOIRS

Of an UNFORTUNATE

Young NOBLEMAN,

Return'd from a

Thirteen Years S L A V E R Y

I N

A M E R I C A,

Where he had been sent by the wicked Contrivance of his cruel Uncle,

A Story founded on Truth, and equally address'd to the Head and Heart.

PART I.

This is the Heir; come let us kill him, that the Inheritance may be ours. Luke c. xx. v. 14.

*—Foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the World o'erwhelm 'em to Mens Eyes.
Spoken by Hamlet of his Uncle.*

B E L F A S T:

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M E M O I R S

Of an UNFORTUNATE

Young NOBLEMAN, &c.

THE Baron *de A.*—held a very considerable Rank amongst the Nobility, but cannot be said to have had Sentiments altogether answerable to the Dignity of his Birth. He was naturally peevish, his Ideas mean, and consequently his Behaviour unpolite: He was passionate and irresolute, neither a fast Friend, nor a violent Enemy; and to compleat his Character, one of those who, without being liberal, was profuse, and squandered away a very large Fortune in a short Time.

He was married young, to a Lady of distinguish'd Birth and Beauty, somewhat rash in her Expressions when provok'd, but otherwise extreamly affable and sweet-temper'd; she had also a great Share of Wit, and an uncommon Vivacity, which enliven'd all the Conversations she came into. In a Word, she had Perfections sufficient to endear her to any Man who had been sensible of their Value: But her Lord knew not his own Happiness, and was soon satiated with her Charms. They had not been married many Months, before he behaved to her with a Coldness which she could ill support: She complained to her

Father, who made it, and his bad Oeconomy, a Pretext for not paying some part of her Dowry, which the B——n demanded. Mutual Reproaches occasioned a mutual Dissatisfaction between them.

The B——'s Mother was still living, who was a Lady of an imperious Nature, and lov'd to be consulted in every Thing, and to have her Opinion taken, whether right or wrong. The young Baroneſs had not always paid that Deference, which created a Diſguſt, that ſoon after grew into Hatred. She uſed all Means to create a Difference between her Son and the Baroneſs, which could have had no Effect, (he being acquainted with her Diſpoſition) had it not been ſeconded from a more dangerous Quarter. His Brother, (whoſe Character we muſt be excuſed for not giving) undoubted Heir to all the Baton was poſſeſſ of, in caſe he died without Iſſue, was not idle in finding Cauſes of Variance between him and his Lady, in order to bring about a Separation, if poſſible, which the Baroneſs's Love of Company and Gaiety furniſh'd him with Materials for : He repreſented her Conduct not only as too expensive, but ſuch as might give the World a ſlight Opinion of her Virtue, telling him, that if ſhe was his Wife, he could not approve of the Complaiſance ſhe ſhew'd to ſome of the Gentlemen who viſited her. The B——n prepoſſeſt by his Brother and Mother, put a falſe Conſtruction on all her Words and Actions, and told her in plain Terms, that if ſhe did not retrench her Expences, he ſhould make uſe of his Authority to compel her to Moderation. The Baroneſs, conſcious of no ill Intention, or Extravagance, reſented this, and replied in ſuch a Manner, as in part juſtified his forbidding his Steward to let her have any Money without his Order.

While the cruel Brother was aſſiſting his Mother in diſtracting the B——'s Head with groundleſs Jealouſies, he was no leſs buſy in working up the Baroneſs to ſuch a Diſpoſition as render'd her unable to bear her Husband's ill Humour; he pretended a Commiſeration of her Condition, blamed his Brother for thoſe Faults he had inſtigated him to commit, and aggravated thoſe
he

he was guilty of by Inclination. They both frequently unbosomed themselves to him in their Closets, and made him their Counsellor. When the B——'s Jealousy was rous'd by some Invention, he said, ' The
 ' most aggravating Circumstance of my Misfortune is,
 ' that this Woman is so very cunning, or so very lewd,
 ' that she behaves to all the Gentlemen who frequent
 ' my House, with so equal a Complaisance, that I
 ' know not whom to fix on as the Author of my Shame;
 ' perhaps she sins with every one by turns, and I am the
 ' cursed Dupe of all who call themselves my Friends.'

They had been marry'd some time without having any Fruit of the Nuptial Rites, and the B—— lamented the little Hope he had of an Heir: As little as he was now satisfied with her Society, he wou'd not put her out of his House, because, he must then have allowed her a separate Maintenance; and as ill as she was treated by him, she chose not to go of her own Accord because she knew that she could not then compel him to it.

The greatest Part of the B——'s Estate not lying in the Kingdom where he was born, some urgent Affairs demanded his Presence there. The Baroness at first intended to have gone with him, but a Proposal being brought to her in Writing by her Brother-in-law, (who drew it up, from the B——n, prevented it, and her refusing to sign it, made him depart without taking leave of her. It was as follows.—I acknowledge myself to have been infinitely to blame, in not having consulted, as I ought to have done, the Honour and Satisfaction of my Husband and Family, and do hereby promise to be more regular in my Conduct for the future: Particularly, I engage myself to renounce all manner of Gaming, to keep no Company of either Sex, but such as shall be approved of by him, and in every Thing to conform myself to his Pleasure, as becomes a loving, virtuous, and obedient Wife: Desiring that whenever I swerve from this Promise, or discover an Inclination to relapse into my former Follies, this Testimony which I sign with my own Hand, may rise up in Judgment against me.

However,

However, before he went, she sent to know what Appointments were made for her Maintenance in his Absence, and to whom she should have Recourse for Payment. To which he answer'd, That she had already cost him more than he had received with her, and that Part of her Fortune being still in the Duke her Father's Hands, she must apply to him, to whom, perhaps, she had been a better Daughter, than she had been to him a Wife. This was a mortal Stroke to the poor Baroness, who knew her Father's haughty Disposition, and made small Allowances for Women's Frailties, and those she had been gaily of, being represented in their worst Colours by the B——'s Friends, she doubted she should meet with Reproaches rather than Relief, which happened as she expected.

To add to her Misfortunes, and give her Father a greater Pretence for refusing his Protection, the old Baroness, pretending she had wrong'd her Husband, exhibited a Libel against her for Adultery, in order to obtain a Divorce, that her Son might be enabled to marry again; but the Prosecution was drop'd, by means of her Brother-in law, who having obtain'd a Separation, did all the Offices of a cordial Friend in the Suit, lest her Brother might have Issue if he married another Wife.

The Baroness again apply'd to the Duke her Father, who at last consented to pay her Debts, and give her Money, to enable her to appear in a Manner suitable to her Dignity, if she would go to her Husband and attempt a Reconciliation. It was to no purpose she pleaded his ill Usage, and that it was the Effect of his own Choice that she remained behind; but the Duke was obstinate, and told her, till he was convinced she sincerely endeavour'd it, he would never give her the least Assistance, or see her Face again. She yielded to her Father's Will, and he performing his Promise, she set out with a gay Equipage, but sad Heart, for the Kingdom where the B——n was, at which Place she safely arrived. She struggled with her Resentment, and wrote a submissive Letter to the B——n before she saw him. Altho' she took all possible

Possible Means to keep her going a Secret, yet it came to the Knowledge of her Brother-in-law and the old Baroness, who wrote to the B—— in Terms the most severe, to dissuade him from agreeing to live with her, and interspersed many bitter Investives against her; they had such an Effect upon him, that he was at a loss how to receive her; for when she had got near his Seat, he neither came nor sent one to meet her, which occasion'd her to stop at a Friend's House, and send a second Letter full of Submissions. At last he was prevail'd on to see her.

The Meeting of these two was odd enough; the B——n put on a haughty Gravity, which was wholly unnatural to him, and only assum'd it, because he thought it would become him at this Juncture, and excite Respect in his Lady. The Baroness affected an Humility, which she was far from feeling, but had its Effect on her Husband. They had not been half an Hour together, before he became exceeding good-humour'd, and even fond of his Lady. The Returns she made were highly obliging to him, and finding him so much more complaisant than she expected, wrought so far on her, that her counterfeited Softness was now converted into a real one. To add to this Contentment, or rather to give him an Extasy he had never known before, the Baroness became pregnant: His Fondness encreas'd from the Moment of this happy Discovery; she was highly satisfied herself, and began now to find a real Tenderness for her Husband. While this Harmony subsisted, the Baroness brought into the World a Son; whose Adventures have since made a great Noise in the World. He was baptized by the Name of *James*, in Compliment to a noble Lord, a near Relation of the Baron's, and at whose Death he expected a considerable Addition to his Estate. He was soon after committed to the Care of a Nurse, whom we shall call *Juggan*, who lived in the Neighbourhood, and who was extreamly fond of him.

The B—— it seems had an extraordinary Familiarity with this Woman before the Baroness's Arrival, who

who brought forth a Son, and had, as was imagin'd, no other Father; the Knowledge of which created an unaccountable Uneasiness in the Baroness, who was very inquisitive to know *Juggan's* Husband, and what sort of a Man he was, her Child being said to have a very near Resemblance of our unfortunate young Nobleman: That *Juggan* never had been married, but made a Mother by the B——— was scarce a Secret to any in the whole Province but the Baroness, and all imaginable Care was taken to keep it from her, but in vain. She labour'd under a secret Discontent, which, by the constraint she put upon herself in concealing, wrought a visible Change both in her Person and Behaviour. The B——— perceiv'd it, and guessing the Occasion, took no Notice to her of the one or the other; he grew every day more cool, she less tender, and a kind of forc'd Civility was all that now remain'd between them: Possibly she might have overlook'd the Intimacy with *Juggan*, had not a new Scene rous'd her Resentment.

One Evening pretty late, as she was indulging her Discontent in a Grove adjacent to the House, her Meditations were interrupted by the sound of Voices, which proved to be the B——— and one of the Maids; drawing softly to the place whence the Sound proceeded, she saw them by the Light of the Moon in an Attitude that left no room to doubt of the shameful Business they were upon. The rustling of her Garments made them turn their Eyes that way, and they saw by whom they were surpris'd. Could she have retreated without being known to have been a Witness, the same Prudence which made her silent in *Juggan's* Affair might have made her seem ignorant of this; but this cou'd not be done without the utmost Uneasiness in stifling her Resentment. The Maid no sooner beheld her than she fled; but the B——— remain'd, as neither dreading her Reproaches, nor afraid of deserving them. Words ensued, and the B——— treated her with such Indifference, that she could not find Expressions to vent her Rage which seiz'd upon her Spirits, and she swooned. He left her but sent her Woman

man to take care of her, who with some other Servants, brought her to herself. As strong as her Resentments were she recollected the ill Consequence of beginning a Separation, and resolv'd to give him no Pretence for acting as he had before done, she made her Woman put her to Bed, where they slept or rather quarrel'd the best part of the Night, each saying what they cou'd to mortify the other; he answer'd her Upbraidings with retorting her Accusation on herself, or an ill-natur'd Calmness; so that Woman never suffer'd a greater Humiliation.

The B—— went soon after to the Capital, where he stay'd several Months, and came back meerly for Form sake, then went to the Capital again, and made it much more his home than his own Province; she receiv'd him with Constraint, and parted with him without Regret: It was just the same with him; and thus they dragg'd on a mutual Discontent for three Years, during which time his Brother arriv'd at his Seat, who was far from desiring to see more Unity between them; for tho' the Birth of our young Nobleman had defeated his former Project, yet he had still others no less pernicious.

Perceiving his Brother, notwithstanding his Indifference for the Mother, was exceedingly fond of the Son, he spared no Pains to alienate his Affections, and at last so far prevail'd on his Credulity as to make him sometimes suspect he was not of his own begetting; but these Imaginations came but by starts, he found a Pleasure in thinking he was the Father of a Legitimate Offspring and therefore wou'd indulge it, which the Brother perceiving, forbore mentioning to him any more, but insus'd that cruel Opinion in others: Not that he cou'd imagine this wou'd forward his own ambitious Views; for as our young Nobleman was born in Wedlock, whether he really was of the B——n's begetting, or whether he believ'd him so or not, was of no Consequence; for being born of the Baroness entitl'd him to Succession of all the B—— had or might be possess'd of. Our young Nobleman in spite of his Uncle's ill Wishes, grew a hopeful Youth, and

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the only Solace of his Mother's melancholy Hours. The Care and Tenderneſs *Juggan* had for him, endeared her to the Baroneſs, as ſhe acknowledg'd her Boy was dead, who was ſaid to be of the B——n's begetting.

The continual Riots the B—— indulg'd himſelf in at the Capital, obliging him to repeated Mortgageſ, he bethought him of breaking up Houſe and diſpoſing of the Caſtle of *Altamont*, and the Lands adjoining it for his own Life: He had no ſooner taken this into his Head than he put it into Execution, and the Baroneſs was told at once that ſhe muſt remove, for that he was obliged to ſell all he had for Payment of his Debts. She was ſome time before ſhe cou'd give Credit to a Miſfortune ſo unlook'd for, but on Enquiry ſhe ſoon learn'd the cruel Certainty and the Cauſes of it. Finding no Remedy ſhe prepared for her Departure, with the ſcanty Pittance he thought fit to beſtow on her, which he pretended was all he cou'd ſave out of his Bankrupt Fortune. She deſir'd to take her Son with her, but he wou'd by no means conſent, ſaying, If ſhe deſir'd he ſhould continue his Affection for him, or believe he had that Share in him ſhe pretended, ſhe wou'd not make any Efforts to ſeparate him from a Father who had hitherto uſed him as a Son. This ſilenc'd her Intreaties, and having taken a mournful Farewel of her dear Babe, and thoſe who had ſhewn a particular Friendſhip for her, ſhe quitted the Caſtle of *Altamont*, and ſoon after the Kingdom, with no other Company, Conſort or Equipage, than her own Woman.

The B—— now eas'd of his Wife and the burden of a Family, and Maſter of a good Sum of ready Money, return'd with his Brother to the Capital, where, among low Company, and in the meanest manner of Living, he conſumed more than might have ſupported him according to his Rank. In ſine, having ſold his whole Eſtate, and ſquander'd away all his Purchase, he became ſo extremely deſtitute as to want even the common Neceſſaries of Life. In this Diſtreſs he was adviſed by ſome of his Compani-
ons,

ons, to raise Money by giving Leases in Reversion of a very great Estate, which must devolve on him at the Death of the Possessor; he fell in to this Scheme, but as our young Nobleman was yet an Infant, and could not be consulted, was an Impediment to the Execution of it. To remedy this he was remov'd from a great to a private School, and a Report form'd that he was dead, and his Brother (now suppos'd Heir) join'd in Leases, by which they received very large Sums. Soon after this the B—— seem'd to grow tir'd with variety of Women, and settled his Heart on an agreeable young Lady, called *Helena*, and finding she was not to be gain'd but on Honourable Terms, gave out that the Baroneſs was dead, and marry'd her publickly. His Fondneſs continued, but having no Children by her grew deſirous of calling home our young Nobleman; yet ſhe had ſuch an Aſcendent over him as to prevent it, by inſinuating, that his Wife was of ſo loſe a Character that it was ſcarce poſſible the Child was his. She wrought ſo far upon him as to make him totally neglect the young B——, who being in an obſcure Place and among poor People became ill us'd on his Father's ceasing to pay for his Board. And tho' his Miſfortunes were of equal Date with his Birth, yet it was now he began to feel them. His Cloaths were tatter'd, his Fare hard and ſcanty, no Tenderneſs ſhew'd him, no Recreation allow'd, nor look'd on but with Frowns, or ſpoke to but with Reproaches. continually reprimanded, and often moſt cruelly beaten for what none took Pains to inſtruct him in. While others of his Age were at their Exerciſes, he was employ'd in drawing Water, cleaning Knives, or ſuch ſervile Offices: When he began to murmur at his ill Uſage, he was told they kept him only on Charity all that time, and if he did not like it he might ſeek a better. The poor Innocent thinking nothing could be worſe than the preſent Calamity, went without Money, Cloaths, or the leſt Inſtruction, to ſeek his Father.

Not knowing where to go, he wander'd along the Road till he came to a ſmall Village, where his little

Limbs (for he was but ten Years old) became so weary that he sat down at a Door and wept bitterly for want of Food: He knew not how to ask Relief: At length a good old Woman brought him some Bread, which he clapping eagerly to his Mouth she perceiv'd he was very hungry, and added some Meat and a Draught of Butter-Milk and Water; with this Refreshment he was enabled to proceed on his Journey. He at length arriv'd at the Capital, where Hunger again pinching, and no body offering any Sustainance he was forc'd to ask Compassion; the Bashfulness that shew'd itself in his Voice and Eyes, join'd with a certain Something in his Countenance, excited a Pity in every one that saw him. When Night came on he took Shelter in a Church Porch; early the next Morning he quitted his uneasy Bed, and remembring to hear his cruel School-Master talk of writing to the B——at this City, he went up and down enquiring for the Baron *de Altamont*, but was a long Time before he met with any one that knew him; he was at last inform'd that such a Nobleman had liv'd there but had left the City some time, and few People knew whither he had retir'd.

Our illustrious Fugitive was now without any Hope or Shadow of Relief. Hunger pressing and some churlish People threatening to send him to the House of Correction, he took to running of Errands as he saw other poor Boys, and procured a mean Subsistence. O! had the Baroness now seen the Son she was so fond of wandering from Door to Door, his Limbs exposed half naked to the inclement Air, no Lodging but the open Streets, his Food cold Scraps, and a Companion for Vagabonds, unknowing, and even uninstructed, it would have pierc'd her very Soul. Yet he was never sad but when cold and hungry, having a great Alertness in his Nature, and inherited all the Passion of his Family. It happen'd one Day that some Boys fell upon him, and beat him severely, calling him Dog and Scoundrel, Words he could less bear than the Blows, he told them they ly'd—he was better than the best of them, his Father was a Lord, and he should be a Lord too when a Man. Several idle People hearing him

him say this set up a loud Laugh, and he was afterwards in Derision call'd my Lord; some time after a good sober Woman standing at her Door, and hearing him call'd my Lord, and seeing no Deformity to deserve the Title as given by the Vulgar,—Tell me, said she, why they call you my Lord—that is not your Name sure? No Madam, answer'd he briskly, my Name is A—, but I shall be a Lord when my Father dies: Ay! said she, very much surpriz'd, who is your Father? The B—of A—, and my Mother is the Baroness of A—, but she is gone out of the Kingdom, and they say I shall never see her again. Who tells you all this? demanded she again. O! I know it very well; I lived in a great House once, and had a Footman, and then I was carry'd to a fine School, and was reckon'd the head Boy of them all, and had the finest Cloaths,—and after that I was carry'd to another School, and then they abus'd me sadly and turn'd me away, because they said my Father would not pay for me. The Woman ask'd him why he did not go to his Father? I don't know where to find him, answer'd the poor Innocent, and burst into Tears. Do you think you should know him if you saw him? said she. Yes, very well, replied he, tho' it is a great while since I saw him; but I remember he used to come in a Coach and six Horses to see me when I lived at the great School. Moved at this Account but willing to try him further, she said, I am afraid you are a lying Boy, I know the B—of A— very well, he never had but one Son and he is dead. Indeed, Madam, I tell the Truth, cry'd he, I never was sick but once, and that was when I fell down and cut my Forehead, here is the Mark (putting back his Hair and shewing a large Scar over his Eyebrow) My Father knows it very well, for when he came and saw my Head bound up he was very angry at those who had the Care of me.

The Person who was thus inquisitive kept a great Eating-House, to which the B—used to resort when he came to Town, as he sometimes did privately, to meet those with whom he had any Business. She had heard there was an Heir in the Family, and that he was

was dead, but seeing him alive and reduced to such a miserable Condition, felt no little Surprise; she knew enough of the Extravagance and Necessities of the Father, and that certain Leases on which Money was raised could not be granted while the Boy was publickly known to be alive; and not doubting his innocent Assertion, gave him not only Food but Cloaths, and promised to write to his Father. In the mean Time his Uncle, who used to frequent the House, came there, and the good old Woman told him what she had heard and done. At first he said she was imposed upon, that his Nephew was dead; I mean the Boy that was call'd my Brother's Son, said he again, recollecting, but he was no more his Son than mine: I can say nothing to such a Distinction, reply'd the Woman, but as he was born in Wedlock he must Inherit, and therefore ought to be educated in a manner befitting the Honours he must one Day receive.

The Uncle desir'd to see him, who being new cloathed, tho' not rich, and a certain Nobleness in his Air, with lovely Hair and an engaging Mein, enter'd the Room with a most respectful Behaviour to his Benefactress, as well as to the Gentleman, as he appear'd to be of Distinction, who instead of being moved with Compassion look'd on him with a revengeful Ire, which at that Time he wanted Artifice to conceal, and sternly cry'd, What Name is this you take upon you?—I take none upon me Sir, but what I brought into the World with me, and was always called by. No body will say but I am the Son of the B—of A— By whom? demanded the Gentleman. By his Wife, the Baroness of A—— replied the other, with more Resolution than could be expected,—— Then you are a Bastard, cry'd the Uncle, for your Mother was a W— I cannot help it if she were, but I never heard any Body else call her so, and if I was a Man, you should not use my Mother or me thus, whoever you are, said the Child with Tears in his Eyes, which moved the Woman of the House to intercede for milder Treatment.

The young B—look'd earnestly on him, and presently cry'd, O! Sir, you are my Uncle, I remember
you

you very well; you came once to our School with my Father.

But the good Uncle replied, He knew nothing of it, and went out of the Room. The Woman followed, and intreated him to consider his Nephew, and not refuse him a proper Education. He promised to speak to his Brother, but desired her to keep the Affair private. He was indeed as good as his Word, informed his Brother of the Condition his Nephew was in, but observed further, that altho' some Care should be taken of his Education, it would be of ill Consequence, on account of the Leases, were he known to be alive, before the Baron's Decease. He therefore advised *St. Omers, Brussels*, or some Place beyond Sea, where he might be trained up suitable to his Birth, at a small Expence. The Baron readily approved this Advice, and gave his Brother Money to reimburse the Woman, and for further Expences. The Uncle took the Conduct of the whole Affair upon himself.

The first step he made was to agree with the Master of a Ship bound for *Pensilvania*, for a Sum of Money paid down, to transport a Boy thither, and sell him to the fairest Bidder. To palliate the Villany, he told the Captain, the Boy was a natural Son of a Person of Condition, but had vilely behaved, and as he deserved no Regard on that Score, his Friends were loth to suffer Disgrace by him, therefore chose to send him out of the Way of Temptation. Then he returned to the Woman, told her, that the Boy was to embark forthwith for *St. Omer's*, and took him away with him: Mean time, the Vessel not being ready to sail, he lodged him in a private House, at his Devotion, where the Boy was concealed till Things were ready for his Embarkation. Soon after the B—— was taken ill and died. The worthy Uncle immediately took upon him the Title of B——, with the Estate appendant on it.

The B——'s sudden Death was supposed to be the Cause why he made no Declaration in Behalf of his Son on his Death-Bed. Mean while the unhappy Youth, now real B——, was kept too close a Prisoner to hear

one Word about it. Being told by his Uncle, that nothing should be wanting to retrieve the Time he had lost, the Hopes of future Accomplishments gave him new Life: He went on board the Ship and was easy and gay, till a Storm arising ruffled the pleasing Prospect, and filled his Head with all the usual Terrors that attend it.

The Fears of Death, no doubt, had such an Effect upon our young Voyager, that, tho' ignorant as yet of his Misfortunes, he heartily wished himself on Land. Alas, he little imagined the Severity of his Fate was yet to come!

The Violence of the Storm, which had lasted three Hours, being abated, a Cloth was spread in the Captain's Cabin; our young Baron was going to place himself at the Table, when one of the Sailors checked him, with 'Hold, Youngster, do you think you are 'to be Mess-mate with the Captain?' This Sea jest, seconded by the loud Mirth of two Cabin-boys, who attended, a little disconcerted our unhappy young Nobleman. The Captain saved him the Trouble of a Reply, by saying, 'The Boy will not chuse the 'worst Company, I find, were he left to himself, 'but he will know his Distance better hereafter.' This Sarcastm plunged him into a silent Confusion, during which he had the Mortification to see the Captain dine elegantly; after which he had his Allowance of salt Beef and Peas given him, in so coarse a Manner as might have acquainted him what he had to apprehend. He began to mutter, that he thought himself ill used, and would acquaint the Baron his Father with it; which naturally raising the Curiosity of the Sailors, the Captain, in his own Vindication, related the Story as he had it from the kind Uncle; by which the young Baron being fully apprized of his cruel Destiny, it produced so visible a Despair, that the Captain thought himself obliged to confine him to the Hold. But he mistook the Remedy; the Youngster's generous Spirit was not to be tamed by ill Usage: A disdainful Sullenness succeeded, he obstinately refused all Sustenance, tho' pressed to receive it by
beating,

beating, or swallow it by Force: Arguments, Menaces and Stripes were equally vain. The Captain saw a Necessity of changing his Method, for his own Interest: He sent for him into his Cabin, apologized for the ill Treatment he had received, as done without his Warrant or Privity, and assured him, when they reached the Indian Continent, he would employ his good Offices to place him to his Liking. But I shall have no Learning, and shall be a Slave, said the young Nobleman. Yes, yes, replied the dissembling Captain, you will have Opportunities enough to learn any Thing, nor is there any Thing so terrible in the Name of a Slave as you imagine, 'tis only another Name for an Apprentice; you will be only bound for a certain Time, as many Noblemen's Sons in *England* and *Ireland* are; and when your Times is expir'd you will be your own Master; with other Arguments to reconcile him to his Captivity. But all that was urged had no Effect on the young Baron, till promised his Case should be represented to his Father. This Assurance reconciled him to Life, and the Captain using him kindly, to fit him for the Market he designed, our young Exile landed well in *Pensylvania*.

Here the Captain repeating his former Assurances, he was sold to a rich Planter in *Newcastle County*, called *Drummond*, who immediately took him home, and entered him in the Number of his Slaves.

A new World now opened to him, and being set to the selling of Timber, a Work no Way proportioned to his Strength, he did it so aukardly, that he was severely corrected. *Drummond* was a hard inexorable Master, who, like too many of the Planters consider their Slaves or Servants as a different Species, and use them accordingly. Our *American* Planters are not famous for Humanity, being often Persons of no Education, and having been formerly Slaves themselves, they revenge the ill Usage they received, on those who fall into their Hands. The Condition of *European* Servants in that Climate is very wretched, their Work is hard, and for the most part abroad, exposed to an unwholesome Air, their Diet coarse, be-

ing either Poul, or Bread made of *Indian Corn*, or Homine or Mulh, which is Meal made of the same Kind, moisten'd with the Fat of Bacon; and their Drink, Water sweetned with a little Ginger and Molasses. Our young Captive began to sink under his Calamity when he met with a Comfortress in a Female Slave of near Sixty, who had been perfidiously trapan'd by a wicked Husband, and sold to *Pensylvania*. As she dressed the Food for the Slaves, and carried it out to the Field to them, she soon took Notice of him, and her Pity increased on hearing a Story that so nearly resembled her own. She had a good Education, and was not unacquainted with History, so that her Conversation afforded the young Baron both Consolation and Instruction. She sometimes wrote short Pieces of instructive History, on Bits of Paper, which she left with him in the Field, and to look over these, he often neglected his Labour, regardless of the Blows he knew he was to suffer; so eager was he to improve his Mind. He regarded this Slave as his Mother, and was treated by her as a Favourite Child; but in four Years she died, and left him in the deepest Affliction for her Loss. His Master's continued ill Usage and the innate Aversion he had to Slavery, at last determined him to make his Escape. Yet he kept this Resolution to himself, having little Inclination to converse with his fellow-Slaves, whose Manners were no way conformable to his own. However, one of them who entertain'd the same Design, observing his Melancholy, broke his Intention to him, and informed him, that hearing a Ship was ready to sail from *Dover* (a neighbouring Port) to *England*, he resolved to take that Opportunity, and invited him to partake his Flight.

The young Baron, after some Questions, agreed to the Proposal, and went early to Bed, in order to put their Project in Execution. But what was his Surprise on awaking, contrary to Custom, to find the Day advanced, and the Family in Confusion, the other Slave, *Jacob*, had robb'd his Master and fled with the Booty. Messengers were dispatch'd after him every Way. — How did this young Baron bless his

his good Fortune, that had sav'd him from such a Danger, as being an innocent Accomplice in *Jacob's* Villany ! He shudder'd at the Guilt he might have contracted by partaking his Flight. *Jacob* had not gone twenty-seven Miles, when he was retaken with his Master's Effects, and brought back to receive the Punishment he deserv'd, after which *Drummond* sold him to a Planter in *Philadelphia*, as fearing he might take his Revenge for what he had suffered.

The young Baron was now seventeen, and had passed five Years of his Servitude, for which he was sold, when weary of the Severity of his Condition, in a sullen Fit of Despair he left the House of *Drummond*, resolv'd to suffer Death rather than be brought back. Thus armed with a hedging Bill, he set out without knowing his Course, and as he was active and nimble, had got some Miles before he was miss'd. Immediate Pursuit was made after him, but to no Purpose. Three Days he wander'd in the Woods, having but little Nourishment, and growing faint he espy'd a River, which he took for the *Delawar*, but indeed was the *Sasquabada*, which parts *Pensilvania* from the *Iroquois* Nations. He also saw a Town at some Distance, but not caring to venture near the Shore, he lay Down at the Foot of a Tree, when Fortune brought him a present Relief, to plunge him in new Distresses.

It was now Twilight, when he heard the trampling of Horses on full gallop, advancing towards him, and lifting up his Eyes from his Covert, perceived two Men well mounted ; one of whom had a Woman behind, and the other a Portmanteau. As these did not seem to be pursuers, his Courage revived on hearing the foremost say to the Woman behind him, Come, my Dear, 'tis Time to take some Refreshment, and this is a convenient Place. With that he alighted, help'd her off, and his Attendant fastening the Horse to a Tree, took some Meat out of one of his Bags and spread it on the Grass, with a Bottle of Wine, and they all sat down to the Refreshment, which our young Baron would willingly

ly have patrook, if he durst. However, in peeping at them he made a Noise that alarm'd the Servant, who starting up saw him, and cry'd to his Master they were betray'd; at the same Time striking at him with his drawn Cutlafs. He kneeling protested his Innocence, and after repeating his Story prevailed on the Master to pity his Misfortunes. They now invited him to share their Repast, which he thankfully accepted, after which they told him they were going to *Apoquenimink* to embark for *Holland*, and would procure him a Passage with them. This happy News made him forget all he suffered, and gave him new Spirits for his Journey. They remounted, and he followed on Foot; but they had not gone far thro' the Woods, when they saw by the Horses and Lights behind them, they were pursued. The Lady gave all the Signs of the utmost Consternation, crying, "'Tis he, "'tis he himself, we are lost for ever." The Approach of the Pursuers gave no Time for Deliberation. The Lady jump'd off and hid herself amongst the Trees. The Gentleman and his Servant drew, and the B—n with his Hedge-Bill, in Gratitude thought himself bound to assist the weakest Side, but the Combat was unequal, and they were surrounded and taken Prisoners. The Lady who had fainted, underwent the same Fate, and in this Manner they were conducted that Night to a Village, and the next Day lodg'd separately in *Chester Jail*.

It was here too late, that the young B—n was inform'd the Lady was the Daughter of a rich Merchant who having an Inclination for a young Man beneath her Rank, was by her Father forced to marry against her Will; but still keeping Company with her first Lover, (the Person taken with her) they agreed to rob her Husband and leave the Country, who having had timely Notice, had pursued them, and there was no Doubt but they would suffer the Rigour of the Law.

The noble Slave trembled at this Relation, he saw the Hazard of associating himself with Strangers, and yet in the Circumstances he was in he knew not how to avoid it.

The.

The Trial came on next Morning. The Lady, her Lover, and Servant, were condemned to die for Robbery. The Sentence of the young Baron was respited, as he did not belong to the guilty persons, but he was remanded to prison, with Orders that he should be exposed every Day in the Market-place to publick View, and if it could be proved, that he had ever been at *Chester* before, he should be deemed accessary to the Robbery and suffer Death.

In this Suspense he remained five Weeks, when some Affairs of Traffick brought *Drummond* his old Master to *Chester*, who immediately reclaimed him as his Property. Before his Departure, our young Baron was a melancholy Spectator of the Execution of the three Criminals taken with him.

The Fruit the young Baron received from this Attempt, was (by the Laws of that Country) to find the remaining two Years of his Servitude redoubled, and the Severity of his Master proportionably increased. However, upon a Complaint made to the Justices of that Province, attended with Proofs of his ill Usage, his Master was obliged to sell him to another; but he gained little by this Alteration in his Condition. He bore it, notwithstanding, for three Years with tolerable Patience, but conversing with some Sailors, who were returning to *Europe*, it awakened all his Ardor for Liberty, and he resolved at any Rate to venture a second Escape. His Design proved again abortive; he was retaken before he could get aboard, and tho' he had but one Year to serve, he was condemned to suffer for five. This last Disappointment and additional Bondage quite sunk his Spirits. He fell into a deep Melancholy, which appeared in all his Deportment; so that his new Master apprehended he might lose him, began to treat him with less Austerity, and recommended him to the Care of his Wife, who being a Woman of Humanity, often took him into the House, and gave him Part of such Provisions as they had at their own Table; or in their Absence ordered her Daughter (who

(who was called *Maria*) to perform the same kind Offices. This young Girl soon conceived a great Tenderness for the young Baron, and endeavoured all the ways she possibly could to relieve his Sadness, which was such as gave him no room to take Notice of what otherwise he must have observed. It happened she was not the only one to whom the graceful Person of our Noble Slave had made an Impression; a young *Indian* Maid of the *Irokefe* Nation, had distinguish'd him from his Fellow-Slaves, and as she made no Secret of her Affection, used to express her Kindness for him, by assisting him in his daily Toils, telling him, If he would marry her when his Time of Servitude was expired, she would work so hard for him, as to save him the Expence of two Slaves. The young B——n used all the Arguments he could, to persuade her to stifle a Passion to which she could hope no Returns. It was on one of these Occasions, that *Maria*, his Master's Daughter, surprized him sitting with this *Indian* Maid, and Jealousy awakening her Love, she loaded him with Reproaches, and left him without allowing him to make a Reply.

Thus did our young Baron, in his Captivity, find himself the Object of a Passion, he had no Taste or Inclination for himself, and studied as much to shun the Caresses of his two Mistresses, as others would have done to return them. Unluckily *Maria's* Impatience to see him, carried her one Day to a field distant from the Plantation where she knew he work'd. In her Way thither, she met her Rival bent on the same Design. The *Indian*, no longer Mistress of herself, flew at her like a Tygress, so that it was not without some Struggle she got out of her Hands, and fled towards the place where the noble Slave was employ'd. The *Irokefe* finding her Revenge was disappointed, and perhaps dreading the Consequence of the other's Power and Resentment for the Assault, made directly to a River adjacent, and plunging herself in, ended at once her Love and her Life.

Maria,

Maria, who saw this Catastrophe, was brought home to the House pale and speechless; she was put immediately to Bed, and when she recovered, all she could say was to repeat the Name of the *Indian* Maid with great Emotion. This joined to the Account of some Slaves, who had seen all that pass'd between them, and who were Witnesses to the *Indian's* Fate, greatly alarm'd her Father and Mother. *James* only (the noble Slave) guess'd the real Truth of the Matter; and as *Maria* often mentioned his Name, it was concluded by her Parents to send him into her Room under some Pretence or other, and place themselves so as to hear what pass'd. This Stratagem had the desired Success. They heard their Daughter express the most violent Passion, which they found was no way encouraged by their Slave. As they could not but entertain a just Opinion of his Honesty and Prudence, they resolved to take no Notice of what pass'd; but in order to cure their Daughter of her Passion, it was concluded to give our young Baron the Liberty his late Behaviour deserved. The Mistress soon acquainted him with his good Fortune, and he now indulg'd the pleasing Hopes of returning to *Europe*, and being restor'd to his Honour and Fortune. He look'd on himself as already free, when his Master gave him Notice he was to go with him next Day to *Dover*: But having secretly, less favourable Intentions, as he was of a covetous Disposition, began to reflect, that five Years, the young Baron had to serve, was too much to lose; and tho' to his Wife he pretended his Intention to set him free, he secretly agreed with a Planter in *Suffex* County, where, with the usual Forms, he Transferred, or sold him for the Term he had to serve.

Never was Astonishment equal to that of the Noble Slave, at finding the Baseness and Ingratitude of his Master. He reproached him with his Breach of Promise, and had not those present interposed, he had probably made him pay dear for his Perfidy. His new Master, imagining by this Conduct, that he was of a turbulent Disposition, began to repent his Bargain: However,

as he was a generous good natur'd Man; he treated him mildly; so that his Work was easy, and he had the Privilege of a good Collection of Books, which was a great Consolation to him. This kind Usage had such an Effect on his generous Temper, that he resolv'd patiently to wait the Recovery of his Liberty; but unluckily his Master died in three Years, and the Heir disposing of part of the Plantation, he was sold to a new Master in *Newcastle-County*, almost within sight of *Drummond's* Plantation. Here he was informed, that *Maria* having had a Child by one of her Father's white Slaves, he was obliged by the Laws of the Country to marry her, and they were gone to settle at a distant Plantation which her Father had bought for him; and what more nearly concern'd him, he was told, that two Brothers of *Turquoise* the Indian Maid, (whose Despair for him had occasion'd her tragical Death) had vowed his Destruction. As he knew the desperate and revengeful Temper of that Nation, he was as much on his Guard as possible, but all his Precaution had been fruitless, if Providence had not interpos'd in his Favour.

These *Indians* watched him so narrowly, that they attack'd him one Day in a remote Part of the Woods, and with a Knife had certainly dispatch'd him, had not some Persons, in search of a fugitive Slave, at that Instant come up and seized the Assassins: he escaped with a slight Wound in his Hip, and the *Indians* being carry'd before a Justice, were sentenced to pay the Surgeon for his Cure, and the Master for the Loss of Time it would take up, and to give Security for their good Behaviour. He continued two Months ill of this Wound, and neither the Surgeon nor Master hastened the Recovery, which was against both of their Interests. During this Indisposition a new Accident involved him in fresh Difficulties.

Going out one Sunday Evening to rake the Air, he sat him down under a Hedge, which parted his Master's Ground from that of a neighbouring planter; after he had read a while he found himself drowsy and fell asleep; and when he awoke he found it was

was Dark, and heard near him the Voices of two persons, which raised his Curiosity. His Surprize was increased to find, by the Conversation, that his Mistress was forming a Plot with *Stephano*, their Neighbour's Slave, to rob her Husband and go off with him to *Europe*, in a Ship he had prepared for that Purpose. The noble Youth was struck with Horror at the Discovery; for the perfidious Woman to all outward Appearance liv'd very happily with her Husband, who was fond of her to excess: He resolved to prevent the Villainy, at first, by revealing the whole Affair to her Husband, but reflecting, that a Woman capable of such Treachery, might have Art enough to make a good-natur'd Husband believe her innocent, he resolved to try another Method. He waited till the guilty Pair separated, and following his Mistress hastily, overtook her, and told her he was informed of all that pass'd. He remonstrated to her the Baseness of her designed Flight, and ended, with conjuring her to reflect, and change her Purpose; in which Case he assured her, what had pass'd would remain with him for ever a Secret.

The Mistress, finding herself discover'd, pretended a sincere Repentance for her Fault, which she promised she would never repeat; adding such Marks of Kindness to him, as gave him too much Cause to imagine, her unlawful Passion had chang'd its Object.

As the young B— could not prevail with himself to gratify the Passion of his Mistress, she at last consider'd him as a dangerous Person, and endeavoured to get rid of him by Poison, but Providence interposed in his Favour, and prevented her Design. She was shortly after found in Bed with *Stephano*, who jump'd out of a Window and broke his Neck, she was committed to Goal, in order for a Tryal, from whence she made her Escape. His Servitude became now more easy by the kind Treatment he received from his Master for his Fidelity, with whom he continued till the Expiration of his Time.

Thus had our poor young Nobleman, born to an ample Fortune and illustrious Rank, languished for thirteen Years in the most painful and laborious Bond-

dage, expos'd to all manner of Hardships, Difficulties and Dangers. Let us therefore now leave him, setting out for a place he had so long languished to behold, and cast our Eyes a while on the odd Figure his cruel Uncle, the Author of all his Misfortunes, made in the Dignity he had assum'd. Having, as before observ'd, taken on him the Title of B— of A— on his Brother's Decease, he began to blease in all the Pomp of borrow'd Dignity, without considering the Revenue to support it, which soon reduc'd him to low Circumstances, and oblig'd him to solicit the Government for a Pension, which was granted, and marrying a Wife with a pretty large Fortune, but no great Family, subsisted thereon till the C—de A— a died whose Title and Possession devolving on the Heirs of A— as next of Blood, he began to think himself the Minion of Fortune: The Count not having a regard for him, bequeath'd not only his Personal Effects but large Portions of his Estate to other Relations, which occasion'd several Lawsuits. He now grew tir'd of his Wife, and fix'd his Eyes on another Lady, the Daughter of a wealthy Merchant, who had too much Sense and Virtue to gratify his Desires, hearing his Wife was still alive; he left no Arts unus'd to create a Belief of her Death, and at last gain'd his End, by giving his first Wife a Sum of Money to quit her Claim to him, which she gladly accepted, having been treated in a very indifferent Manner, and relinquish'd all Pretensions to him as a Husband. He soon after accomplish'd his Desires, and marry'd the Lady, with whom he receiv'd a large Fortune, and had three Children by; but the natural Inconstancy of his Nature at last prevail'd, and he grew tir'd of the Charms he had once so much ador'd, treated her as a common P— deny'd her Cloaths and Pocket-Money, abus'd all her Relations, and at last turn'd her out of his House, without suffering her to take any Thing with her but the wearing Apparel she had on, and threaten'd to turn her Children out of Doors; and declare them Bastards if she mention'd this Separation as any Thing but an Act occasion'd by her own ill Conduct: to this she answer'd, she

He was free from all Apprehensions, and could prove her Marriage; he sent her Word she would find herself Mistaken, for he had another Wife who had a prior Claim. Nothing could be more deplorable than the Case of this injur'd Lady; he openly declar'd he was never marry'd to her, tho', besides the Register, many Witnesses were living who had been present at the Solemnity.

Our young Nobleman, now no more a Slave, took passage in a Merchant's Vessel to *Jamaica*, where he safely arrived, and entered on Board a Ship in the Harbour as a Common Sailor, to return to Europe; having neither Money nor any Recommendation to be received in another Capacity. He was soon taken notice of and ask'd by an Officer his Name. *James A*—reply'd our young Nobleman, and looking earnestly on him, said, If I am not mistaken you are *Chavigny*, and we were at School at the same time. At these Words the Officer lifted up his Hands and Eyes, Great God, cry'd he, what Miracle is this, if you are *James A*—Son to the Baron of that Name, how happen'd it that you were so long reported dead? Where have you been conceal'd? Why so long lost to the World? And by what Chance does your Uncle enjoy your Title and Estate, while you are in this Station? Our young Nobleman was astonish'd at hearing his Uncle had got Possession. Is then my Father dead, cry'd he? The Officer told him the exact time he died, which corresponded with that in which he was trepan'd to Slavery. The Officer said, If he was the real Person he had a very particular Mark about him, which he perceiv'd when they us'd to wash together, which when our young Nobleman stript and gave him the sight of, he Embraced him, saying, You are really he. He was soon introduc'd to the Captain, who presented this Noble Sailor to the Admiral, whose Character must suffer by any Description can be given of it, to whom the whole History of his Misfortunes were related. The Admiral gave an attentive Ear, and hearing them repeated from his own Mouth, the manly Tear started into the Eyes of that Great and Good Man,

Man, particularly when he related the Distresses of his tender Years. Accordingly a Memorial was drawn up and signed by the Admiral, who immediately sent it away by a Tender, and at the same time several Letters to his Friends, with an Account of this remarkable Passage. The young Nobleman himself soon after sail'd for *England* to Prosecute his Claim.

The News of his being living, and on his Return, arriving before himself in both the Kingdoms where his E——s lay, alarm'd his Uncle, who knew not how to proceed, nor whose Advise to ask. At length our young Nobleman arriv'd, which occasion'd still greater Perplexities in his Uncle, and the more so when he heard he intended a Journey to the Place of his Nativity. In this Dilemma he sent two Emissaries to *Juggan*, the Woman that nursed him, who endeavour'd to persuade her that there was never any such Child as *James A——*, and that it was only her own Child she had nursed; which amazed her, and caused her to cry out, What! Will you persuade me I had not the sweet young B—— at my Breast for a whole Year and a half, and did he not stay under my Care for two Years more, long after my poor Baby died? One of them told her if she talk'd at that rate, she wou'd be taken up and punished; the other offered her a Purse, if she wou'd swear she knew of no Child the B—— had by his Wife, adding; If it was so that he was dead long ago; to which she answer'd, I won't forswear my self; if my young Lord be dead, God rest his Soul, but I'll never deny him.

Our unfortunate young Nobleman had a most extraordinary Friend who went before him to the Place of his Birth, and at the greatest Perils conveyed *Juggan* and other Witnesses to the desired Place, but his Toil was well Rewarded by the Pleasure he took in meeting the Youth with the Persons he brought with him; *Juggan* was sometimes ready to throw herself about his Neck and embrace her dear Foster-child, crying out to those who accompany'd her, I gave Suck, 'tis certain, to a Son of the B—— and Baroness of A——, but how can I say this is he? Can I remember him so long

long a time? No, and if I shou'd pretend to it, you wou'd have reason to call my Integrity in question; but, Neighbours, you have often heard me say, that that Infant was born with a particular Mark, which if this Gentleman can shew, I will rather die than deny him. On hearing these Words, he immediately convinc'd her by uncovering that Part of his Body where Nature had imprinted the happy Token, to baffle all the Arts of Man.

But now the Time was come, when our young Nobleman was to experience different Inquietudes from what he had before known. A lovely Creature attracted his Inclinations, whose angelick Sweetness depriv'd him of Words to express his Passion. He soon discover'd the Effects of her Beauty, and was all Sadness and Confusion when she appear'd; she liv'd some Distance from the Town, (whither he accompanied a Friend, who was in an ill state of Health, and advis'd to retire to the Country for the benefit of the Air) and by his constant Addresses to her, which was accompany'd with a sincere Passion, so far gain'd an Ascendancy over her, that she consented to give him her Hand, her Heart being before closely united to his.

The noble Youth now thought himself repaid by Heaven for all the Hardships he had undergone, so serene was his Mind, so perfect his Contentment. But how fleeting was his Happiness! his Sun of Joy at once withdrew, and the gather'd Cloud charged with unnumber'd Woes, was ready to burst upon him, Dangers he least foresaw or apprehended, encompass'd him, and what the Malice of his Enemies cou'd not bring about, a cruel Chance accomplished.

Among the Diversions of a rural Life, Shooting was his Favourite: One Day he went out alone, but afterwards happened to meet a Person who lived with and was Game-Keeper to a Man of Condition; they spy'd two Men (Father and Son) fishing in a little River that ran thro' the next Meadow, which not being allowable for them to do, the Game-Keeper attempted to take their Net, and seized the Father by the Collar, who had the String on his Wrist, and refused

refused to resign it, they struggled; our young Nobleman advancing, the Boy imagined he would assist the Game-Keeper, therefore cut the String, and threw it into the River, and then ran in himself, the Water being very shallow. This the Game-Keeper perceived not, being engaged with the Father; but the young Nobleman stooping hastily to catch the Cords that trailed on the Ground, in order to pull back the Net, the Gun he unhappily had in his Hand, went off, and shot the Father dead. Horror and Amazement immediately seized his Soul at seeing the Fellow fall, he look'd like one transfixed with Thunder, and no less capable of Motion. He was pursued and taken, and carried before a Magistrate, deeply affected with that Concern which every Man must feel, in having been the Cause, tho' unknowingly, of the Death of his Fellow-Creature. He was imprison'd, try'd, and acquitted without the least Hesitation; the only Evidence against him being the Son of the deceas'd, who could not accuse him of any Malice or Design in the Affair.

While he was in Confinement, his cruel Uncle went to see him, triumphing in his Misfortunes, and most cruelly insulted him, and no Endeavours were now wanting by his Enemies to blacken his Character in the Minds of his Well-wishers, which was a very great Damp to his Affairs; so easy it is for Misfortune to check the Vigour of the warmest Friends; but the Rumours which the cruel Uncle and his Emisaries industriously propagated, had little Effect; having the Mortification to be disappointed. Who would believe, that his cruel Uncle was seated among the Crowd of Spectators at his Trial.—But so it was.—At the unexpected Sight of whom (though before, a sweet Composure sat on his Features, grave but not sad, spirituous but not gay; the solemn Occasion having engrossed, but not perplexed his Thoughts; the Presence of those, on whose Decision his Life or Death depended, inspired him with Respect, but not with Fear; and he shewed rather like one who came to attend the Fate of another,
rather

rather than his own) he lost all his Presence of Mind, and cried out to one that stood near him, Heavens! does that Prodigy of Wickedness come here too, to insult me! to render me, by an Object so hateful to my Eyes, incapable of making my Defence, and distracting my Mind with the Remembrance of what he has made me suffer. As those Words were spoke with some Vehemence, they were heard by many others beside the Person to whom they were address'd, and passing from one to another thro' the whole Assembly; occasion'd a general Murmur against his unparallel'd Cruelty and shameless Behaviour. Yet his cruel Malice overshot the Mark: Nothing could influence the Assembly so much in the young Nobleman's Favour as did this glaring Proof of Barbarity, every Heart anticipated the Judge's Decree, and without seeing him, pronounced him worthy of Life.

Mad with Rage at this unexpected Turn of Fate, the Count rushed through the Crowd with as much Precipitation as the Thickness of it would admit, flung himself into his Chariot, muttering the most unheard of Curses. One continued Hiss pursued him till he was out of sight, while the equitable Judgment of the Court gave all that were present, except his cruel Uncle, the highest Satisfaction, which they express'd by loud Huzza's.

To describe the sincere Joy of his Friends, or the Transports of his amiable Wife, when congratulating him on this happy Event, would be altogether needless, since there is scarce any Imagination so cold, but must be capable of conceiving, what Words could but poorly express. Our young Nobleman felt the least Pleasure at his own Acquittal; for tho' he rejoiced that his Innocence had been so fully cleared, yet, to reflect, that thro' his Means a poor Man had been deprived of Life, occasioned a certain Heaviness to hang on his Spirits, which all the Endeavours of his Friends could not for a long Time remove.

Thus were all the malicious Efforts of his cruel Uncle frustrated; and now he continued his Process, which

which was carried on with as much Success, as the tedious Forms of a Civil Court of Judicature would admit of. The Persons he was so fortunate to employ, as Counsellors, Solicitors, &c. happened to be Men of such unbias'd Honour, Zeal, and Integrity, that they always made their Client's Cause their own, and the uncommon Circumstances of this, agitating them with a more than ordinary Desire of bringing so iniquitous a Scene to Light, they were indefatigable in their Labours; and having good Reason, by the whole of the Uncle's Behaviour, to be assured he would raise all the Money he could from the Tenants, represented the Affair to the supreme Judge, in such proper Colours, that he granted them Writs of Ejectment, in order to prevent any of the Rents being paid till the grand Decision should be made.

This was gaining a great deal, and indeed all the Claimant could at present desire, but it made the Possessor almost besides himself with Rage and Apprehension; especially when he heard the young Nobleman was preparing to go himself in Person, with those who were appointed to execute this Point of Law. He had an extreme Desire to see once more, the Kingdom that gave him Birth, and his Friends highly approved this Inclination in him; his Lady, whom it was judged improper to go with him, would not suffer her Tendernets so far to get the better of her Prudence, as to offer any Thing in Opposition to it.

It was highly necessary his Friend should remain, to animate the Process, and keep the Witnesses together, various Stratagems being continually put in Practice, both to corrupt and terrify them. It was not in the Power of all his cruel Uncle's Inventions, nor that of his Instruments, to put any Stop to this Expedition, the Event of which he had so much Cause to dread; but to render his Reception as disagreeable to him as possible, he sent three of his Emisaries with Letters, and Instructions to some in that Kingdom, who had been Partakers with him in his Debaucheries, and whom he imagined would assist his
Schemes,

Schemes. The Substance of what he wrote to them was, *That a Bastard Son of his late Brother had taken upon him to call his Title in Question, and was coming over to forbid the Tenants from paying any more Rent, and desired they would prepossess the People with this Idea of him, and also that he had been a Vagrant about the Streets of the Capital ; had afterwards transported himself to America, and returned a common Sailor ; had never been but a most abject Profligate, and was now spirited up only by three or four ill-minded Persons to distress him in his Affairs.*

The indefatigable Instruments of their Patron's Will set out with all possible Speed on this Enterprize, after having flatter'd him with Hopes, that they would order Matters so, as that his Competitor should be driven back with Shame and Confusion. But how far they were able to execute their execrable Commission, we shall see anon.

After the unnatural Uncle had, as he thought, prepared an unkind Reception for his Nephew, in the Land that gave him Being, he resolved not to be idle himself, and began to consider how he should distress him in that he was about to quit ; therefore as soon as he heard the young Nobleman had got every Thing ready for his Departure, had taken leave of his worthy Friend, and had set out on his Journey, he caused a Letter to be wrote in an unknown Hand, to that great Friend of the Distress, the Substance of which follows.

To Monsieur Amico.

S I R,

HAVING been a Witness of the Friendship so long subsisting between you and the Count de Anglie, I cannot look on your present Enmity without a great deal of Concern, as equally prejudicial to you both—
of all who espouse the Cause of his Competitor, and must inevitably fall with him, there is none for whom he is

so much troubled as yourself,——Believe me, Sir, that my Lord has such incontestable Evidences, that it is neither in your Power, nor that of all the World to shake his Title.——Be therefore no longer deceiv'd with the specious Pretences of an Impostor, but return to your former Engagements with a Nobleman, who, in spite of all you have done, has still a tender Regard for you; and who, I can assure you, for I heard him swear it, will not only forgive every Thing that is past, but also make over to you and your Heirs for ever, that Part of the Estate mortgaged to you by the late Baron of A———. I imagine he will send Persons to treat with you concerning the Means of renewing your former Amity; and I wish you so well as to hope you will not refuse the Offers he intends to make you, nor any longer lend your Endeavours do prop a falling House, which can only involve you in its Ruin. I chuse to conceal myself at present, but according as you pursue the friendly Advice I give, shall at a more proper Time declare the Name of him, who is

— very much Yours.

Some Days after two Persons came and confirmed the Offer made in the Letter. They even brought an Instrument ready sign'd, in order to convince him there was no Deception in the Affair. Amico listen'd to what they said with a Patience and Attention which made them imagine they had gain'd their Point; but when he found they had fully executed their Commission, The Count, said he, is wondrous kind, but it is not my Way to abuse the Generosity of my Friends. Tell him, therefore, that I cannot accept the Gift he offers, because I am very well convinced it is not his own he would bestow: But, in Return for his Favours, give him this Letter, that he may know how to thank the Person that wrote it.

At these Words he put his Hand in his Pocket, and took out the above Letter, and put it into the
Hand

Hand of one of them, whom he suspected to have wrote it. They both looked very much confus'd at an Answer which they did not expect by the Beginning of his Treatment, and were preparing to add something to enforce what they had already said on the Part of the Count, but he prevented them, by saying, he was surpriz'd the Count did not know him better, than to believe he would undertake any Cause without being convinc'd of its Justice, or that when he was once so he would desert it for any Consideration. After this, he would not enter into farther Discourse with them, and behaved with an ironical Complaisance, that made them glad to get out of the House.

The Count had no great hopes of succeeding in this Attempt, therefore bore the Disappointment with more Patience than he was accusom'd, trusting intirely to those Agents he had employ'd Abroad.

The much wrong'd Nobleman was now pursuing his Journey with three Friends, one *Valet de Chambre* and two *Laquies*, and meeting with no Impediment either by Land or Sea, safely arriv'd at the Capital from whence he had been so cruelly trepan'd. His Enemies had been there some time before him, and were not idle in their Endeavours.

The first publick Place he went to a Mob was hired to insult and hiss him, and many Affronts were thrown on him as he pass'd the Streets, which was presently quash'd by the Respect which the Populace soon found he was treated with from their Superiors.

The good Woman who had relieved the Distresses of his Childhood, when he was indeed in that vagrant Condition with which the Instruments of his cruel Uncle now upbraided him, was still living, and conceal'd nothing of the Count's Behaviour to him while at her House, and the Pretence he made to take him thence. Several other reputable Persons who had seen him in his Infancy, happening to be then in town, assur'd as many as spoke of the Affair that the B— of A— had really a Son by his Lady, and that they

saw not the least room to doubt but this Gentleman was he. In fine, his Behaviour was so far from that of an Impostor, that those who were the least inclin'd, believ'd him to be the real Person he said he was.

Few Persons, of Rank or Condition enough to entitle them to such a Power, but invited him to their Houses, and intreated to be inform'd from his own Mouth the particulars of his Misfortunes——the most elegant Entertainments were made for him and his Friends——instead of being treated beneath his Dignity, the greatest Marks of Distinction were bestow'd on him wherever he went, whether Churches, Playhouses or Assemblies.

But, as to create Love and Esteem were not the chief Motives which brought him to the Kingdom, he quitted the Capital, and went to the Province where he was born, and where lay a considerable part of the Estate of his Ancestors.

The Wretches employ'd by his Uncle had Notice of his Intention, and finding their Schemes render'd abortive, by the prevalence of Truth, and the good Sense of the Persons they had attempted to impose here upon; they hurried down to *Altamont*, hoping to meet with better Success among the innocent Country People. They got there five Days before him, and with a great deal of Difficulty raised a Posse of about fourteen or fifteen, and took up all the Inns in the Town where the young Nobleman was born, in order to disappoint him and his Friends of Lodging at their Arrival.

This pretty Mischief, as they thought, compleated, they dispers'd themselves thro' the whole Neighbourhood, venting the most preposterous Falshoods that cou'd be imagin'd, as Additions to those already made use of, in order to spirit up the Rusticks to drive him out of the Province, as an Impostor come to betray them; but they little suspected the shrewdness of these Country People, who knew, before the Information from those Creatures, that our young Nobleman was on
his

his Journey towards them, also on what Score he came; and were full of Impatience to behold a Nobleman who was born among them, had been so long lost, and so miraculously recover'd. — They had always pitied the late Baron, and had looked with a tender Eye upon his Faults, as believing him instigated to commit them by the wicked Insinuations of his Brother, whose very Name they hated, and whose Behaviour, since he assum'd the Title and Estate, made every Day more odious to them. All this, join'd to the young Nobleman's unexampled Injuries and Sufferings, as it was spread thro' the whole Country, by those to whom his Friend *Amico* had related it, excited in every Body, a tender Prepossession in his Favour, which was far from being in the Power of what these wicked Emissaries could say against him to remove.

They concealed their Sentiments, however, seem'd not to doubt the Truth of what was told them, drank the real Count *de Anglia's* Health, and Confusion to the Pretender; which being taken just the reverse of what these honest People meant, gave an infinite Satisfaction to those employ'd to seduce them, and they expected no less than that the young Nobleman and his Friends would be mauled and almost torn to pieces the Moment they approached. Little did they think what sort of Preparations were making to receive him, and that the seeming Credit given to their Suggestions, was done with no other Intent than to heighten his Triumph, by so unexpected a Mortification to his Enemies.

It was only their Ignorance of the exact Day in which they might expect him, that prevented him from being met at a great Distance from the Town, but when People were inform'd that he was near, by one of the Servants who rode before, in order to provide Lodgings for that worthy Company, they ran out, one and all, Shops, Streets and Houses were left to the Care of little Children, or such Women, who only wanted Strength to gratify their impatient Curiosity; none but those whom old Age or Infirmities kept

kept Prisoners remained behind—happy were the foremost of this joyful Crowd—some press'd to kiss his Hand—others clung about his Legs—some took the Bridle of his Horse, leading him as it were in Triumph, while those at a greater Distance threw up their Caps and join'd in the general Cry, *Long live the Heir of Altamont—our own true Lord.*

In this Manner, amidst a shouting Multitude, was he conducted to the best House the Town afforded, and then left, after a Thousand Benedictions, to receive the Congratulations of the Chief of the Province, who hearing of his Approach had made all the haste they could to meet him. Many of these remembered his Birth, and had often paid their Compliments to him in his Infant Years, and, in spite of Hardships, Grievs, and Troubles, sufficient to have fix'd the most heavy Gloom on any Face, could still trace great part of the Blessings of A——'s sweetness in a Son who was once thought very like her.

While these were entertaining him with some Discourse of his Family, and listening with Horror and Amazement to the brief Recital he then made of his Uncle's Barbarity towards him, the Populace were busy in making Bonfires, ringing the Bells, and other Demonstrations of a Publick and sincere Joy.

Never had his Uncle been receiv'd in this Manner; for tho' the blackest of his Crimes had till now been wrapt in Darkness, yet there were others too notorious to suffer the Person guilty of them to be treated with any Marks of Love or Esteem.

But these Testimonies of Duty and Affection to their new-found Lord, ended not with that Night, Early in the Morning a Troop of Young Men and Maidens neatly dress'd with Garlands on their Heads, preceded by several Musicians, came before his Lodgings, and presented him with a Rural Entertainment, which they call the Long-Dance. Never had the Young Nobleman beheld a Scene more pleasing.—The clear and ruddy Complexions join'd with the Youth and Innocence of these Performers, gave a
Grace

Grace to every Motion, and it was pleasant to observe how, it being the Season of the Year which afforded little Variety of Flowers, wherewith to ornament their Chaplets, the Girls had cut Ribbands to represent Roses, Pinks, Lillies, &c. in so lively a Manner, that they seem'd like so many *Flora's* Celebrating the coming in of the Spring.

In fine, as his Restoration to *Altamont* was like a New-birth, his Entrance into it was welcom'd in the same Manner his Entrance into the World had been : and the whole Time he stay'd gave one continu'd Proof of the Sincerity of the People's Hearts towards him, and that they were not only convinc'd of the Justice of his Pretensions, but also that they thought him worthy of the Dignities he claim'd.

How severe a Shock was this to his Enemies, who from the Moment they found how he was receiv'd, durst not shew their Heads, for fear of meeting that Treatment themselves which they intended for him and his Friends, but skulk'd in Corners till Night favour'd their Escape, and then went to the Capital : from whence they wrote an Account of their Disappointment to their Patron, the Count, and desir'd fresh Instructions in what Manner to proceed.

Our Young Nobleman and his Company having now serv'd their Ejectments, were oblig'd to quit *Altamont*, in Order to go to these other Provinces where likewise he had Estates, and where it was necessary the like Writs should be delivered, to prevent his unjust Uncle from receiving any further Profits from a Patrimony to which he had so little Right, and which he had but too long enjoy'd.

The Reception they met with thro' their whole Progress, convinc'd the Young Nobleman's Friends that the extraordinary Rejoicings made for him at *Altamont*, were not altogether owing to a partial Indulgence to him, as having been born among them, but to the Certainty every Body had of his being the Lawful Heir; since not only at his own Estates, but in almost all the great Towns he had occasion to pass thro',

thro', he was complimented with Bonfires and ringing of Bells.

The News of his Success in the Country having reach'd the Capital, the Caresses he before received there were redoubled at his Return, by all the People of Distinction; and it was highly satisfactory both to himself and Friends, to observe, that those who most publickly espous'd his Cause were those who were themselves the most eminent both for Rank and Virtue.

It was not, indeed, in Nature to be otherwise, we are apt to commiserate those most whom we find have the nearest Affinity with ourselves.—How then could the High-born but look with the greatest Tenderness and Compassion on the Orphan of so Illustrious a House, expos'd in Infant Innocence to all the Miseries Language can give Name to?—How could the Worthy and the Good but reverence those Noble Principles which, without the Advantage either of Precept, or Education, he had so steadily attain'd to during the whole course of his Misfortunes?—How could the Learn'd but reflect with Admiration on the Ardency of his Desires for acquiring Knowledge, and with what Care and Assiduity he had improved every Hint that Providence threw in his way, for the Improvement of his Mind?—And what matter of Regret was it for all who truly lov'd their Country, to find that a Genius capable of being so great an Ornament to it, had been by the most unheard-of Barbarity depriv'd of all the Means of exerting itself.

The Ladies too, I mean that part of them, who gave themselves the trouble of looking no farther than those exterior Accomplishments, which compose what is commonly call'd a pretty Gentleman, could not forgive the Uncle for having denied him the Advantages of Dancing and Musick: Charmed as they were with his Natural Politeness, and Complaisance, they could not find Words to express sufficiently how great a Mortification it was to them that he could
not

not make one with them at a Ball, or give them his his Judgement on a Concert.

In a Word, being so generally liked as he was, every one lamented most his want of that Branch of Education, which was most agreeable to their own particular Taste, but all agreed in this, that no Punishment ever yet invented could be equal to the Crimes of such an Uncle as he had.

But while our Young Nobleman was receiving all the Demonstrations of Good-will and Respect he could desire and infinitely more than he expected, a Plot was forming against him, fit only for the execrable Brain of him who had no other Ideas but what turn'd on Mischief; but which like those that went before, serv'd only to bring Confusion on the Author.

This inexorable and remorseless Uncle being informed by his Emissaries of his Nephew's Success, and the Treatment he had receiv'd, was ready to burst with Rage and Malice, and perceiving his All was going——That Justice was ready to break upon him like a Deluge, and sweep every Thing away his Avarice and Ambition had usurped, leaving him naked to Punishment and Shame, he resolv'd on an Expedient no less bold than wicked, which was to cause the young Nobleman to be arrested in an Action of 120,000 Crowns, flattering himself that it would be impossible for him to procure Bail for so large a Sum, that he would be thrown into Prison, and by being prevented from returning, he would be render'd incapable of prosecuting the Suit, and all his Friends discouraged from assisting him. To the Orders he gave his Agents for this, he also added, that they should send Expresses to all the Tenants, pretending that he had been detected in his Forgery, had given up his Claim, and then to demand what Rents were owing, in the Name of R——d de Anglia and B——n de Alsatmont, the real and true Owner of the Estates appertaining to those Titles.

The Wretches to whom these Instructions were directed, fail'd not to obey them punctually to the utmost of their power : They got a Writ immediately

made out and prevail'd on an Attorney to back it, but when they came to the Office met with a Disappointment they had not foreseen, all they could say being ineffectual to get it sealed: The person appointed for that purpose heard the whole of the Story, and said, he would not venture on such a Thing, unless he had the Sanction of one of the Judges to indemnify him. This Sanction the Count's engines labour'd to obtain, but without Success: those wise Dispensers of the Law immediately saw into the Villainy of the Design, and those that requested it, had a severe Reprimand instead of a Grant.

Nor was it probable the Tenants, so ascertain'd as they were of the Justice of this young Nobleman's Claim, and so true an Affection as they had for him, would have been deceiv'd by any idle Story to his Prejudice, much less have been prevailed upon to pay any Money, which must infallibly have been to their own Loss: Our young Nobleman, however, having been inform'd by some of his Friends of this Design upon them, caused printed Advertisements to be sent down into all parts of the Country, setting forth the true state of the Case, and these last Stratagems attempted to be put in Practice against him.

This made a very great Noise all over the Kingdom, and set the real Character of the Count, his Uncle, in so strong a Light, that those who before had some Doubts concerning the noble Youth, were now entirely on his side; judging with Reason, that Truth and justice had no occasion to pursue such clandestine Measures, and that those taken by the Count, was a plain Proof that neither his Claim nor Actions would bear the test of Examination, but that to secure the one and screen the other, he was under a Necessity of going on in a continu'd Succession of Crimes.

This was indeed so natural an Observation, that it could not escape the most narrow Capacity; the lowest and most abject Delinquents are sensible of it, and generally make it part of their Confession in their latest Moments.—The smallest Vice indulg'd leads on to greater, till the whole Soul becomes one general Blot.

All

All these Things were new Misfortunes to the Count's Spouse, who was preparing to appeal to the Legislature to give Proofs of her Marriage, and endeavour to force her wicked Husband to allow her a Dowry befitting a Wife of quality; but the general Opinion now giving her Reason to believe it would soon be out of his Power, as before it was out of his Inclination, to do any Justice to her, put a stop to all her Proceedings against him, and obliged her to wait till the Affair between him and the young Nobleman should be determined. The Villainies practised on herself gave her but too much Cause to fear he was not, in relation to his Nephew, less guilty than he was represented: She reflected, as some author has it,

*Justice is Justice, even to the meanest;
And those who scruple not at petty Crimes
To purchase petty Pleasures, will when greater
Excites the Appetite, act greater still.*

She therefore gave herself and Children over, as desir'd to be the unhappy Sufferers for another's Faults, nor could the most sanguine of her Friends now flatter her with any Prospect of Redress.

The cruel Uncle, in the mean time receiving every Post intelligence of some fresh Disappointment, was full of Horror and Confusion——a Vicissitude of the most dreadful Ideas rose in his distracted Brain——he felt by turns every pang that Guilt and enervate Rage can possibly inflict——he found the hand of Heaven was against him——that all the Arrows shot against his innocent Nephew recoil'd upon his own Breast——that the more he endeavour'd to defame him, the more Shame he brought upon himself; and all that he did, instead of creating him Enemies, serv'd only to raise him up new Friends; yet did not all this excite in him any true Repentance——tho' he saw unavoidable Ruin stare him in the Face, still he persisted obstinate in Iniquity——he had now Recourse to the most paltry, ill-concerted Falshood that ever was invented, which was to report, that the Person who called him-

self *James A*—— was of himself a poor ignorant silly Fellow, and only made to assume the Title of *Alamont* by two Persons, whose Tool he was, and pretended a Claim to Estates, which, if obtain'd they were to have the best Share of.

One would think by broaching such an absurd Story he must have been really as weak as he took them to be, otherwise he might have form'd something which would have had a little more the Appearance of Truth, or at least one that might not have been so easily detected; since even a Child might have refuted this by asking, Where these two Persons were when our young Nobleman delivered his Memorial to the Admiral?——Had he ever then been in the Kingdom where they were? or had they ever taken a Voyage to *America* on purpose to find a person to raise up as a Pretender to the Titles and Estates of the Count *de Anglia*?——Had he at that time, or long after, ever seen these Gentlemen, or heard of them? If they then concerted with him this Plot, it must certainly have been by Intuition, and the whole Scheme carried on by intellectual conversations——gross Flesh and Blood could never have pass'd such Lands and Seas invisible to human Eyes. Nor, tho' they were both Men of excellent Sense, it was never suspected that they, any more than our young Nobleman, had studied necromancy——were *Faustus's* in Disguise, and cou'd with a Wish transport themselves wherever they pleased.

The Count had never done any thing that render'd him more ridiculous than this Suggestion, his very Agents were asham'd of it, yet would he relate it boldly, and swear to the Truth of it, tho' he saw a Sneer in the Face of every one that heard it.——Doubtless he would have denied the young Nobleman had ever presented any Memorial to the Admiral, would not the Letters wrote by that great Man have been undeniable Evidences against him, and had he not been expected soon in Person to have given the Lye to so notorious a Falshood.

Every thing, in short, and himself most of all, seem'd to conspire to render this bad Man as contemptible for his Folly as detestable for his Wickedness; and 'tis possible the Consequences of his Crimes might now begin to make him feel some little Remorse, at least for those Parts of them which he found such ill Effects of; when, all on a sudden he was presented with an Occasion of Triumph he had little expected, and which, tho' short-liv'd gave some Relaxation to his Vexation.

Intelligence had been sent him by his Emissaries, that the young Baron and his Friends were preparing to embark in a small Vessel, the Name of which they sent him, belonging to a Merchant of that Kingdom; and, when every day he was dreading his Return, the Publick Papers gave an Account of that very Ship being wreck'd, and all on board her lost.

The Extasy he was in at reading a Piece of news so flattering to his Wishes, made him forget that in testifying it, as he did wherever he went, he discover'd the Apprehensions he had been in for the Arrival of a Competitor, the Justice of whose Claim had been so fully allow'd in one Kingdom, and in all probability would have been so in another, had not this unfortunate Accident put a Period, as it was thought, both to his Life and Expectation.

'Tis certain, indeed, our young Nobleman and his Friends had intended to embark in the Vessel, but were still detain'd by the Persuasions of several People of Distinction, who found too much Satisfaction in their Society, to be willing to part with them till the Necessity of Affairs requir'd it; and beside, it was thought derogatory to his real Dignity to go in that Manner: So that when they found him resolute to depart, and were convinc'd a longer stay might be a Prejudice to him, the Government was applied to, and a Warrant for the royal Yacht immediately granted——Sure Mark of their being ascertain'd of his Birth! that being a Favour never allowed

lowed but to Persons of the first Quality, or such, who by their high Offices in the State are put upon the same foot.

Every thing now being ready—Business calling—Winds favouring—calm Seas inviting—no Pretext for delaying him remaining, our young Nobleman, with his Companions and Retinue, came on board, welcom'd by the Discharge of the Cannon, and follow'd by the Prayers and good Wishes of a Number of Spectators, who did not quit the Coast till the Yacht was entirely out of Sight. The little Voyage was as prosperous as could be hop'd, and 48 Hours brought them to their intended Port, where being safely landed, they made all imaginable Haste to the Capital, their Friends having impatiently expected them for some Days.

What a terrible reverse did this now give to the Expectations of the Count—to be told his Nephew was arrived, when he thought him and his Pretension buried in the Sea, and that he arriv'd in the manner he did, put an end at once to all his hopes; nor was it in the Power of all those People who earned their Bread by lulling him with false Imaginations, to sooth his Mind or mitigate his Despair, tho' they exerted all their force of Dissimulation for that Purpose.—He found himself now without Money—without Credit—no Expedient offer'd to ward off the Blow, which must inevitably fall and crush him with its Weight beyond all Possibility of ever rising more, —He doubted not but the young Nobleman would now bring Things to an immediate Issue, of which he knew the Consequence.—Sometimes he was for flying the Kingdom, and thereby avoid the Punishment he had Reason to expect for such a Series of Crimes: But whither could he go? Or where hope to be receiv'd or protect'd?—What to do he knew not, or how to behave in this Exigence.—Dependants importuning,—Creditors persecuting—Wants within, and Dangers without Doors incessantly perplexing him—present contempt, and fear of future Shame, joined with fruitless Rage and disappointed Revenge,

Revenge, drove him even to the Verge of Madness.— At length, partly for the Relief of his present Necessities, and partly through Malice to the real Owner, he made all the rich Furniture, Pictures, Basts and other Curiosities which the Count *de Anglia*, his predecessor, had collected, to be torn down and exposed to publick Seal.

This was all that now remain'd in the compass of his Power, and was indeed some occasion of Vexation to our young Nobleman, when he was informed of it: not so much for the intrinsic Value of his Loss, as because he regretted such curious Pieces of Antiquity, as he had been told were treasur'd there, should go out of the Family, and perhaps fall to the Lot of some who knew not how to make a proper Use of them.

The whole Body of Nobility were no sooner informed of this equally mean and unjust Action, by the printed Catalogues every where dispersed about the Town, than they cry'd out against the Count; and some there were who, in a publick Assembly, were so generous as to propose raising a Bank among them, in order to purchase the chief of these Curiosities, and make a Present of them to the real Heir of that illustrious Person to whom they had belong'd.

But here I must give a truce to my Pen, and for a while defer the Prosecution of Adventures, which I doubt not but the Reader finds sufficiently interesting to create an Impatience for the Catastrophe.

O Time! in whose tremendous Womb, the Seeds of all Things lie concealed, and who, sooner or later, ripens them to full Perfection, now fly swift, as when happy Lovers meet, and bring me Opportunity and Means of gratifying the Curiosity I have excited so as the Event may give Honour to Justice, and to Oppression, Fraud, Violence, and Cruelty, the Shame and Punishment they merit.

The END of the First PART.



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